

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waite me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pine gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.

Farre be it, we should honor such as these.

With humble suite: no, rather let my head

Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:

And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,

Then stand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.

True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:

Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forget.

Great men oft dye by wilde Bezonions.

A Romane Sword, and Bandetto slaue

Murder'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Bastard hand

Stab'd *Iulius Caesar*. Savage Islanders

Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for these whose ransom we haue let,

It is our pleasure one of them depart:

Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and huelesse bodie lye,

Vntill the Queene his Mistis bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,

His body will I beare vnto the King:

If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,

So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Benis, and Iohn Holland.

Benis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a

Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then.

Benis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to

dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new

nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,

it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen

came vp.

Benis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in

Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather

Aprons.

Benis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good

Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocati-

on: which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be la-

bouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates.

Benis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a

braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Bests Sonne*, the

Tanner of Wingham.

Benis. Hee shall haue the skinnies of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Benis. Then is hee stricke downe like an Oxe, and in-
quities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Ben. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. *Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade*, so tearm'd of our, supposed Fa-
ther.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Com-

mand silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many

Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her

furr'd packe, she washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there

was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a

house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whip

three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of

proofe.

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, be-

ing burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and

Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen

halfe peny Loanes sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,

shall haue ten hoopes, and I will make it Fellony to drinke

small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in

Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am

King, as King I will be.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall be no

mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will

apparel them all in one Liurey, that they may agree like

Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamenta-

ble thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should

be made Parchment; that Parchment being scibeld ore,

should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,

'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and

I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's

there?

Enter a Clarke.

Weauer. The Clarke of Chatham: hee can write and

reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of

mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty, he shall not die.

Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy

name?

Clarke. *Emanuel.*

But. They vse to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill

go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name?

Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dea-

ling man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought

up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine

and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen

and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our General?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother

are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he

shall be encountered with a man as good as himselfe. He

is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight pre-

sently: Rise vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer*. Now haue at him.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Staff. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,

Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaues I passe not,

It is to you good people, that I speake,

ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:

For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,

And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March,

married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staff. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question: But I say, 'tis true:

The elder of them being put to nurse,

Was by a begger-woman stolne away,

And ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, &

the bricke is aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore

deny it not.

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